THE POETICAL WORKS OF MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MR. HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

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WORKS

POETICAL

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ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ORIENTAL

ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

Ye Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt whom Fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts; nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred Truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as Truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.

When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.

Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong—
Well may they pleaſe—the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn, that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay:
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright;
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires, the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find;
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Bleſt were the days when Wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain!
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove;
Immortal Truth; and daughters bleſs'd their love.

—O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd girls ſhall own thee for their queen:
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all;—a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;—
But man the moſt:—not more the mountain-doe
Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known;
But Faith, whoſe heart is fixt on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs, with her down-caſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And Love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve;
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.

Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
The ſhepherds lov'd; and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN;

OR, THE

CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

In ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt;
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts with pain their duſty way purſue;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd; thrice ſtruck his breaſt; and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?

Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales, beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands, are found;
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore;
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
—Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made?
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?

" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tygers in his train:
Before them Death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O hapleſs youth!—for ſhe thy love hath won—
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!

Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain;
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet, as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
" Weak and unfelt, as theſe rejected ſighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee;
" No griefs endure; nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
—O let me ſafely to the fair return;
Say, with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA;

OR, THE

GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view, along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maze at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.

Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
'Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold:
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:

* Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe;
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there;
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong;
And ſought, the vales and echoing groves among;
At length he found, and woo'd, the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft, as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove;
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign!
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Yet, 'midſt the blaze of courts, ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove;

* That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia; ſee the Modern Hiſtory of Mr. Salmon.

Still, with the ſhepherd's innocence, her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead, inclin'd;
And, oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook, all-rural, in her hand:
Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds, they ſung;
With joy the mountain, and the foreſt rung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd;
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore;
And thought of crowns, and buſy courts, no more.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Bleſt was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excell?
The ſimple ſhepherd girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule in Perſia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.

O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte; profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid, like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER;

OR, THE

FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance through the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains; and vallies ſtole away:
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
'Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey!
Trace our ſad flight through all its length of way!

And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we tried!
And, laſt, this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapleſs, muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still, as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind;
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſoothe his mind:
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain;
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd, in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale;
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcene! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt!
No more the ſhepherds whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,

The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way.
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.

He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek; and nearer fires appear'd:
The affrighted ſhepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES

DESCRIPTIVE

AND

ALLEGORICAL.

ODES

DESCRIPTIVE

AND

ALLEGORICAL.

ODE

TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe,
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unſated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide;
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild Arun * too has heard thy ſtrains;
And Echo, 'midſt thy native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head;

* A river in Suſſex.

To him thy cell was ſhewn;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes, unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come: by fancy's aid,
Even now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth compleat,
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat
In all who view the ſhrine.

There Picture's toil ſhall well relate
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd Muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And, ſighing, prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd, by day,
In dreams of paſſion, melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

ODE

TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes, is ſhewn;
Who ſeeſt, appall'd, the unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart; like thee diſorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm;
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the Fiends, who, near allied,
O'er nature's wounds, and wrecks, preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate
Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait;

Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement, hung.

Yet he, the bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace;
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, the inceſtuous queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful line:
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

* Æſchylus. † Jocaſta.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad Nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or, in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries, in tempeſts brought?
Dark Power, with ſhudd'ring meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine to read the viſions old
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallowed eve, abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpear's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal;
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE
TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong;
Who firſt, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliеſt child,
Thy babe, and Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep,

In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat;
On whoſe enamell'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet:

O Siſter meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Tho' Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band:
But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne;
And turn'd thy face; and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power;
Love, only Love her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Tho' taſte, tho' genius, bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,

Faint's the cold work 'till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task;
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once,—if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
—Him whose ſchool above the reſt
His lovelieſt Elfin queen has bleſt;—
One, only one, unrival'd fair,*
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn turney hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye;
—Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, apply'd,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier, hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand, with vain endeavour,
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!—
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given,
To few the god-like gift aſſigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.

* Florimel. See Spenſer Leg. 4th.

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day
When He, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſat with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſapphire throne;
The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud;
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born!
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſat extatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſole's eyes were made:
All the ſhadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance, their murmurs join'd;
And all the bright uncounted powers
Who feed on heaven's ambrofial flowers.
—Where is the bard whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?

Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'er-brow the valleys deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread,
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear;
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung:
  Thither oft, his glory greeting,
  From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
  In vain.—Such bliſs to one alone,
  Of all the ſons of ſoul, was known;
  And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
  Have now o'erturn'd the inſpiring bowers;
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

How ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd;
Who oft, with ſongs divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who ſinks to ground:
See, Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's Genius ſtands;
And decks thy altar ſtill, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature, join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away!

—I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own:
—O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower;
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

ODE
TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call, in ſolemn ſounds, to life
The youths whoſe locks, divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcaeus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt;
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a-while its flame concealing,
—What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?—
Till, ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided power
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no; I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell;
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race
From off its wide ambitious baſe,

When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke:
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

EPODE.

II.

Yet even, where'er the leaſt appear'd,
The admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midſt the ſhatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found;
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wondrous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd, whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul!
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they, whom Science lov'd to name
—O who could fear it?—quench'd her fame.
And lo an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino joins the theme;
Tho' leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem;
Strike, louder ſtrike the ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe whoſe merchant ſons were kings;
To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure!
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure;

Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding fate.
Ah no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening Eagle northward fled.
Or dwell, in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy Stork is dear;
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd;
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works: thou feel'st the strains:
One holier name alone remains:
The perfect spell shall then avail:
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works the wizzard Time has wrought!

* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand;*
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm even Nature's ſelf confounding,
Withering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſurpriſe.
This pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhouldering billows borne.
And ſee, like gems, her laughing train,
The little iſles on every ſide!
Mona ‡, once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
Where thouſand Elfin ſhapes abide;
And Wight, who checks the weſtering tide;

---

* This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I don't remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

‡ There is a tradition in the Iſle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting

For the conſenting heaven has each beſtow'd,
A fair attendant on her ſovereign pride:
To thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
For thou haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine, in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing Goddeſs, ſtood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet;
Tho' now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place:
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf, o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if truth thoſe beams infuſe
Which guide, at once, and charm the Muſe,

---

him one day as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſſion to him, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſioned by his horror and ſurpriſe at her appearance. This however was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, ſhe puniſhed the whole iſland, by covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or were on a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous Model still remains.
There, happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn, delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Even now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join
Majestic thro' the mix'd design:
The secret builder knew to chuse
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins.
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight;
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame thro' every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand!

Now ſoothe her, to her bliſsful train
Blithe Concord's ſocial form to gain:
Concord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Even Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep:
Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
Rage drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm:
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's raviſh'd ſhore;
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair;
Till, in one loud applauding ſound,
The nations ſhout to her around,
"O how ſupremely art thou bleſt!
"Thou, Lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!"

ODE

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY. WRITTEN MAY MDCCXLV.

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
Britannia's Genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While, ſtain'd with blood, he ſtrives to tear,
Unſeemly, from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May;

The thoughts which muſing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With every ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And Peace protect the ſhade.

O'er him whoſe doom thy virtues grieve
Aërial forms ſhall ſit at eve,

And bend the penſive head!
And, fallen to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt;
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt.

Old Edward's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Creſſy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel;
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel;
And wiſh the avenging fight.

But lo where, ſunk in deep deſpair,
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To every ſod which wraps the dead
She turns her joyleſs eyes.

Ne'er ſhall ſhe leave that lowly ground
Till notes of triumph, burſting round,

Proclaim her reign reſtor'd:
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat;
And, bleeding at her ſacred feet,
Preſent the fated ſword.

If, weak to ſoothe ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy conſtant tear;
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſeeſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near;

Where'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Even humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale;
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE
TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales,

O Nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim born in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers, ſtealing thro' the darkning vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuite;
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhning dew, and, lovelier ſtill,
The penſive Pleaſures ſweet,
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene;
Or find ſome ruin, 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires;
And hears their ſimple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

—While Spring ſhall pour his ſhowers, as oft he wont,
And brede thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own;
And love thy favourite name!

ODE
TO PEACE.

O THOU who badſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe!

—Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:—
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O riſe! and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh Lion, Goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile;
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,

By warlike Honour led;
And, while, around, her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS.

AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken deſign'd,
The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind;
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores;
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores;
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch fairy field,
Some Power impart the ſpear and ſhield
At which the wizzard Paſſions fly;
By which the giant Follies die!

Farewell the porch whoſe roof is ſeen
Arch'd with the enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy, dreſt,
Comes, like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade.

Youth of the quick uncheated ſight,
Thy walks, Obſervance, more invite!
O thou who lov'ſt that ampler range
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,

And, with her mingled ſons allied,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide,
To me, in converſe ſweet, impart
To read in man the native heart;
To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From nature as ſhe lives around;
And, gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before;
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted ſchool:
—Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk;
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs Manners round her riſe;
While, ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs;
With theſe the white-rob'd maids combine;
And thoſe the laughing Satyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the Paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!

O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone:
Me too amidſt thy band admit;
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare;
Whom no delights from thee divide;
In laughter loos'd, attends thy ſide!

By old Miletus *, who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong;
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades;
By him † whoſe knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales even now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat;
Or him ‡ whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds, on Gallia's ſhore;
Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd;

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* Alluding to the Mileſian tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monſieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind:
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly Maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell.
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why;
—Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd: his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low, ſullen, ſounds his grief beguil'd;
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air;
'Twas ſad by fits; by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill, thro' all her ſong;
And, where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe;
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe:
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword, in thunder, down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And, tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity, at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate!
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd;
And, from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And, daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound:
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or, o'er ſome haunted ſtreams, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known:
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan Boys, were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's extatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addreſt;
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt:
They would have thought who heard the ſtrain
They ſaw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round:
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! ſphere-deſcended Maid,
Friend of Pleaſure, Wiſdom's aid!
Why, Goddeſs! why, to us deny'd,
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of ſound—
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe;
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece:
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

AN EPISTLE

DDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEAR'S WORKS.

WHILE, born to bring the Muſe's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
hile nurs'd by you ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
reen and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;
xcuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
hat ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell.
ith conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
nd bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakeſpear's name.
ard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
n-own'd by Science, and by years obſcur'd:
ir Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
ot with more grief the afflicted ſwains appear,
hen wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
hen lingring froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
here Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves:
oil builds on toil; and age on age improves:
he Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
nd grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
reſerv'd thro' time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
ach changeful wiſh of Phaedra's tortur'd heart;

Or paint the curſe that mark'd the * Theban's reign;
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow;
Trace the ſad tale; and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic Siſters kept their native eaſe:
With jealous fear, declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd:
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain:
Ilyſſus' laurels, tho' transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew the unfriendly ſoil.

As Arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, prieſts, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes
Till Julius ‡ firſt recall'd each exil'd Maid;
And Coſmo own'd them in the Etrurian ſhade:
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung:
Sweet flow'd the lays,—but love was all he ſung.
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.

---

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

‡ Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.

The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And even a Shakeſpear to her fame be born!

Yet ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Johnſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in art.
Of ſofter mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention, 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear;
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His * every ſtrain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ſtronger Shakeſpear felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
The unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

‡ With gradual ſteps and ſlow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:

* Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Dryden.

‡ About the time of Shakeſpear, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets

By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew:
Till late Corneille, with * Lucan's ſpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and he inſpir'd:
And claſſic judgment gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temperate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.

But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread;
And wreaths leſs artful crown our Poet's head.
Yet he alone to every ſcene could give
The hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurpriſe,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms;
And laurel'd Conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The ‡ time ſhall come when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed,
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed;

---

after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Johnſon excepted.

* The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

‡ Tempus erit Turno, magno cùm optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, &c.

When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear;
Blunt the weak ſword; and break the oppreſſive ſpear.

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and valleys ſmile;
And Spring diffuſive decks the inchanted iſle.

O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe;
There native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!

Methinks even now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdu'd the modeſt lights decay;
Steal into ſhades; and mildly melt away.

—And see where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief; and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around;
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But † who is he whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns the avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall,
—So heaven ordains it—on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise;
Rage grasps the swords while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes their stores alternate bring;
Blend the fair tint; or wake the vocal string:

---

* See the Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

† Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyssey.

Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
—For poets ever were a careleſs kind—
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So ſpread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown,
Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore:
When, rais'd by fate, ſome former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE

IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids, and village hinds, ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet of earlieſt bloom;
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here;
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays ſhall haunt the green;
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breaſt oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſt ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore;
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, 'till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd 'till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The SCENE of the following STANZAS is ſuppoſed to lie on the THAMES, near RICHMOND.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
To deck its poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid;
That he whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here;
And, while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

---

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore,
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt;
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar,
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And, oft as eaſe and health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening ſpire,*
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But, thou who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail!
Or tears which Love and Pity ſhed,
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die;
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Siſters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

---

* Richmond Church.

IX.

And ſee, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

* The genial meeds, aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom;
There hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs,
With ſimple hands, thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes:
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

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* Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſometime before his death.

LOVE ELEGIES.

BY

MR. HAMMOND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DCC.XXXII.

WITH A

PREFACE

BY THE

EARL OF C———D.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.

THE PREFACE.

THE following ELEGIES were wrote by a young Gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgment, or partial friendship; for the editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The author composed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgment and correctness; neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart. He sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write. 'Twas nature, and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, speaks here her own, proper, native language; the unaffected, plaintive language of the tender passions. The true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united; the one without

pride, the other without meanneſs. Tibullus ſeems to have been the model, our author judiciouſly preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding, and addreſſing himſelf to the imagination.

The undiſſipated youth of the author allowed him time to apply himſelf to the beſt maſters, the Ancients; and his parts enabled him to make the beſt uſe of them: for upon thoſe great models of ſolid ſenſe and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart; both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn, the reſemblance. He admired that juſtneſs, that noble ſimplicity of thought and expreſſion, which have diſtinguiſhed, and preſerved, their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that ſacredneſs of friendſhip, and all thoſe heroic and ſocial virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of ſucceeding ages. And he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon thoſe glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wiſdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates; ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced ſlavery to deſtroy, all public and private virtues. In theſe ſentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in theſe times. In theſe ſentiments he died.—But in theſe times too—"Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, "ſed donata mors eſſe videatur."

LOVE-ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in love with Neaera.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their ſons receiv'd in vain:
I ſaw Neaera, and her inſtant ſlave,
Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the ſervile chain.

Her uſage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame,
No healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
No ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

Oh that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Was fix'd a rock amidſt the watry roar,
And in the vaſt Atlantic ſtood alone.

Adieu, ye Muſes, or my paſſion aid,
Why ſhould I loiter by your idle ſpring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing.

I do not aſk the lofty epic ſtrain,
Nor ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere:
I only ſing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear.

No more in uſeleſs innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty preſents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken ſhrine;
But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on ſordid gold her low deſires:
Nor worth nor paſſion can her heart perſuade,
But love muſt act what avarice requires.

Unwiſe who firſt, the charm of nature loſt,
With Tyrian purple ſoil'd the ſnowy ſheep;
Unwiſer ſtill who ſeas and mountains croſt,
To dig the rock, and ſearch the pearly deep.

Theſe coſtly toys our ſilly fair ſurpriſe,
The ſhining follies cheat their feeble ſight,
Their hearts, ſecure in trifles, love deſpiſe,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the Gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thought beneath a heavenly face?
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet ſmooth and poliſh ſo each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleaſure ſhort, and anguiſh ever long,
Hence tears and ſighs, and hence the peeviſh fair,
The froward lover.—Hence this angry ſong.

ELEGY II.

Unable to ſatisfy the covetous temper of Neaera, he intends to make a campaign, and try, if poſſible, to forget her.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll ſit in roſy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rouſing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound.

Few are the maids that now on merit ſmile,
On ſpoil and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorſeleſs rage.

To purchaſe ſpoil even love itſelf is ſold,
Her lover's heart is leaſt Neaera's care,
And I thro' war muſt ſeek deteſted gold,
Not for myſelf, but for my venal fair:

That while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mien;
And art miſtaken make her beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen.

But if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden ſand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's ſoil,
Hers the black ſons of Afric's ſultry land.

To pleaſe her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend?
And ſoothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind;
In vain;—tho' Reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ſtill lags behind.

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the avarice of Neæra, and reſolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill would heave for more,
Not all the God could ſatisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey;

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom,
And when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep:

With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
Shall ſtrow the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt,
Then home returning drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

ELEGY IV.

To his friend, written under the confinement of a long indiſpoſition.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and ſick on death is all my thought,
Oh ſpare, Perſephone *, this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace,
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred fane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the Gods eternal reſt
With curſes loud;—but oft have pray'd in vain.

---

* The Goddeſs of Death.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
Ah why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear?
E'er autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye Gods, whoe'er, in gloomy ſhades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh let me ſtill enjoy the chearful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, e'er I grew old.

But you, who now with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing,—but your abſent friend.

ELEGY V.

The lover is at firſt introduced ſpeaking to his ſervant, he afterwards addreſſes himſelf to his miſtreſs, and at laſt there is a ſuppoſed interview between them.

With wine more wine deceive thy maſter's care,
Till creeping ſlumber ſoothe his troubled breaſt,
Let not a whiſper ſtir the ſilent air,
If hapleſs love a while conſent to reſt.

Untoward guards beſet my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks the impriſon'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blaſt whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive thoſe bolts of ſteel.

Ah gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy ſounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curſes far from thee ſhall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we ſay.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful ſlave,
Venus will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youths who ſee not where they tread,
She ſhews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

The fearleſs lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obſtructs his way,
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathleſs night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never ſtray.

I ſcorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardſhips I for love ſuſtain,
With love's victorious joys at laſt be crown'd.

With ſudden ſtep let none our bliſs ſurpriſe,
Or check the freedom of ſecure delight——
Raſh man, beware! and ſhut thy curious eyes,
Leſt angry Venus ſnatch their guilty ſight:

But ſhould'ſt thou ſee, the important ſecret hide,
Tho' queſtion'd by the powers of earth and heaven,
The prating tongue ſhall Love's revenge abide,
Still ſue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy huſband's ear,
At her command I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightnings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us wildly roam,
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till ſcar'd at day they ſought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous ſummer pines,
And wintry clouds obſcure the hopeful year,
At her ſtrong bidding gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a huſband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But what did moſt this faithful heart ſurpriſe,
She boaſted that her ſkill could ſet it free;
This faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies,
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

He adjures Delia to pity him by their friendſhip with Celia, who was lately dead.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care,
Officious Hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them ſtill,—to-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I ſhall thee obtain,
But can I liſten to her ſyren ſong,
Who ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?

By all the joys thy deareſt Celia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn:

To her I firſt avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue,
She ſtill would pity what the wiſe might blame,
And feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew:

Ah do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hovering round us all my ſufferings hears,
She is my ſaint, to her my prayers are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her ſad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire,
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Tho' much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain,
Ah to recall the ſad remembrance ſpare,
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

On Delia's being in the country, where he ſuppoſes ſhe ſtays to ſee the harveſt.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that ſtill in town remain,
Venus herſelf attends on Delia there,
And Cupid ſports amid the ſylvan train.

Oh with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare thro' the ſtubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The ſcorching heats I'd careleſly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand:
The great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdu'd to Love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs could ſoothe their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſic loſt and uſeleſs lay,
To Peneus' ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His bluſhing Siſter * ſaw him pace along,
Oft would his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

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* The goddeſs Diana.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted Python ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful iſle?
The God himſelf has grown a cottage ſwain.

O Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
With harveſt's chearful pomp my fair detain,—
Think what for loſt Proſerpina * you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they ſtaid but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!—but oh I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inſpire
I'll do—I'll plough or dig as Delia's ſlave.

* The daughter of Ceres taken from her by Pluto.

ELEGY VIII.

He deſpairs that he ſhall ever poſſeſs Delia.

Ah what avails thy lover's pious care?
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatneſs was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt,
Then old with love inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt.

I ſcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only aſk to live my Delia's ſlave,
And when I long have ſery'd her, call her wife:

I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſt,
To ſink o'ercome with bliſs in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.

Attend, O Juno, with thy ſober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of deſire,
This one fond wiſh if you refuſe to hear,
Oh let me with this ſigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

He has loſt Delia.

He who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder in my mind,
The lover ſtill who died not of deſpair:

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

Sad is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
When wrapt in ſilent grief I weep alone.
Delia is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape that might have bleſt my arms?
Where all thoſe hopes relentleſs fate denies?

When ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
Delia may come, and ſee my poor remains,—
Oh Delia, after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend?
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire:

To ſoothe the hovering ſoul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand:

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year,
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſufferings ſhow:

Here lies a youth borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom with the parting fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he died.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's birth-day.

This day, which saw my Delia's beauties rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
Oh may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the shepherdess or loose the swain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain,
The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Againſt lovers going to war, in which he philoſophically prefers love and Delia to the more ſerious vanities of the world.

The man, who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountring nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from ſteel, debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear.

Why ſhould the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground?
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in every ſtroke a double wound:

Ah better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With chearful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl,

To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul.

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire;
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

No ſecond love ſhall e'en my heart ſurpriſe,
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind:
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſoothe his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bleſt.

With thee in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expell,
And ſeem a world with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore;
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy power.

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear;
In chains I'll ſit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himſelf married to Delia, and that content with each other they are retired into the country.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers never ſound:

While calmy poor I triſle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But cheaply bleſt I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleeting lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

Ah fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſs'd,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own,
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wiſdom, as in wit divine,
May riſe and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws:

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock:
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep!

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er;
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand——
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Tho' I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill:

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart,
Oh leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Thro' all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with peace and thee retir'd,
Tho' reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flattering love inſpir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humble mind,
To dangerous bliſs no longer to pretend;
In books a calm, but fixt, content to find;
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each different ſtile,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light.

Now mark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred lines,
Senſe rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the God-head ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue leave the Age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing Wrong,
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my lingring pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a nobler warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O Weſt, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall chear,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But why, ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah ſtill I love in pride and reaſon's ſpite,
No books, alas, my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

O^H form'd alike to ſerve us and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty; and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; tho' gentle, full of fire;
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes:
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,
I view'd my ſtate too little weigh'd before,
And Love himſelf could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But, whom my paſſion hurt, thro' friendſhip leave,
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs thro' its pride:
The prudence which I taught I ill purſu'd,
The charm my reaſon broke my heart renew'd;
Again ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my paſſion by my ſhame;
While ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain;
Began with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:

She let each little lye o
And ſtrengthen'd by h
Believ'd the groſſeſt art
Nor once in thought w
Oh where were then m
Oh where the friend, t
Her years of promis'd
Not two revolving moo
To Stowe's delightful f
In Cobham's ſmile to l
Nor fear that he my we
In nature learned, and
There Pit, in manner
With mild advice my li
With ſenſe to counſel,
A Roman's virtue with
Nor you, my friend, w
Contemn the human w
Reaſon may chide the
And pains, which long
Tho' wiſer cares employ
Form'd with a ſoul ſo e
Your breaſt may loſe th
And learn my woes to

THE

ttle lye o'er truth prevail,
n'd by her faith, each groundleſs tale,
oſſeſt arts that malice try'd,
ought was on her lover's ſide:
e then my ſcenes of fancied life?
friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife?
romis'd love were quickly paſt,
ving moons could ſee them laſt.—
lightful ſcenes I now repair,
mile to loſe the gloom of care!
he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
ied, and humanely wiſe:
manner ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
ice my liſtening grief ſhall charm,
counſel, and with wit to pleaſe,
ttue with a courtier's eaſe.
riend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
uman weakneſs of my breaſt;
ide the fault ſhe cannot cure;
ich long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;
es employ your ſtudious mind;
ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
y loſe the calm it long has known,
woes to pity, by its own.

THE END.